THE STARS AND STRIPES

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WE'RE IN ROME

Old Order Changeth

ROMANS CHEERED and laughed today at the words of a new balcony speaker in the Piazza Venezia. He is Sgt. John A. Vita (with arm upraised) and he promised caramelli instead of castor oil.
(Photo by Pfc. Martin Harris)

VITA! VITA! REPLACES OLD CHEER FOR DUCE

By Sgt. GEORGE DORSEY
(Stars and Stripes Staff Writer)

PIAZZA VENEZIA, Rome, June 5 — The crowds gathered in the Piazza Venezia again and stood cheering wildly under Mussolini's historic balcony, but the speech they heard today was very little like the old days.

Sgt. John A. Vita, a 27-year-old Italian-American from Port Chester, N. Y., leaned over the marble railing of the balcony and to a sea of friendly civilian faces promised death to Mussolini, to the tedeschi and to the Fascisti.

Sgt. Vita, who landed with the American infantry at Anzio and came all the way with them, through Cisterna, through Velletri and Valmontone to Rome, knew his speechmaking and paused after each significant phrase while the people applauded enthusiastically. He parodied a Mussolini speech, starting out with «Vincere, Vincere, Vincere» (conquer, conquer, conquer) then added, «Not for Mussolini, the Fascists or the Germans, but for the Allies».

«Instead of castor oil», he told his eager listeners, «we bring you caramelli and food».

The bearded American sergeant made his historic speech at 0730 hours of this first morning that the Allies have spent in the Italian capital. Despite the earliness of the hour, the Italians had risen in strength to greet the Americans and the audience ran into thousands.

Sgt. Vita's speech was the result of a promise made to his mother in Port Chester eight months ago. «We're going to Rome», he said, «and the first thing I'm going to do when I get there, Mom, is make a speech from Mussolini's balcony». His mother was born in Reggio Calabria.

Generals Plan Further Drives

(By a Staff Correspondent)

ROME, June 5. — Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark arrived at the Campidoglio, Rome's city hall, at 1000 hours today to confer with his corps commanders, Major Generals Geoffrey Keyes, Lucian K. Truscott and General Alphonse Juin, to coordinate the further advance against the enemy.

At the foot of the steps of the ornate building, beneath Allied flags fluttering lazily in the morning breeze, the generals pored over there maps and conferred while scores of photographers and reporters milled about, recording the historic moment.

General Clark then paid a brief tribute to "the men and women of the 5th Army who made the supreme sacrifice so that we could keep going to Rome and begone".

He said that "this great day for the 5th Army" was made possible by the combined efforts of "French, British and American troops". "I also want to mention the support given the advance by General Eaker's Air Force".

General Clark said that the French were fighting the Germans in the north, but, added that the German forces which had been defeated in the battle for Rome and retreated so fast that contact was lost. Five minutes later, General Juin, French Corps commander, who had been delayed, arrived to take part in the dramatic meeting.

General Clark said that the 5th Army had smashed two German Armies in the drive from the south and the attack launched from the beachhead. "I would estimate conservatively that at least 20,000 prisoners have been captured", he stated.

Neither he nor his two American corps commanders could name the number of Germans kil-

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NO LETUP AS ALLIED FORCES CHASE FLEEING GERMANS NORTHWARD

By Sgt. PAUL GREEN (Stars and Stripes Staff Writer)

ROME, June 5 — The kraut was fleeing today along the roads that lead north from Rome as 5th Army troops poured through the Italian capital in relentless pursuit of the decimated enemy forces. Exactly 24 days after the first guns boomed from Minturno to Cassino, the Eternal City was completely in Allied hands.

There was no letup in the crushing offensive as American, British and French soldiers — taking in stride their magnificent victory in liberating Rome — kept on going with a good chance of cutting off and annihilating many thousands of Jerries before they could reach some stable line of defense.

The world rang with praises of the campaign that has been climaxed with the capture of the city. Rome has fallen many times to military conquerors, but this is the first time that it has been taken from the south. That was something for the GI to talk about at his next bull session.

But GI Joe was a little too tired today to realize the full importance of what he had done. It's been a tough fight all along the line, and the dogfaces are plenty weary. You could see it as they walked through the streets of Rome. You could feel it from the tired nods as they answered the cheering of the people.

The GIs who passed through the cito today could relax their trigger fingers for a while. The city was theirs — completely. It was especially the pretty signorinas who caught the eye of appreciative Yanks. Far-seeing ones scrawled down a few addresses for reference later on when they come back to Rome on leave. Others took a little time out to get a quick look at the famous ruins.

But to most of them, Rome is just another stop — although, a main one — on the road that leads home. The GI who saw Africa last year or Sicily has marched on a long trail since then. Others have joined him. The trek that led through the toughest, most gruelling days o fthe Mediterranean campaign opened up for its last chapter at Salerno

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IL MESSAGGERO PRESS TURNS OUT ROME EXTRA

This first number of *The Stars and Stripes* to be published in Rome has been made possible through the pressmen of *Il Messaggero*, who have turned to on their linotypes and presses with as much enthusiasm in getting this first edition of the press as the people of Rome have in welcoming the 5th Army volumes. Besides few of them understand a word fox of English. They are proud and so are we. Other numbers will follow. Welcome to Rome.

Rome Untouched By Battle Marks

ROME, June 5 — For the people of the first Axis capital to be liberated by the Allies, the coming of the Yanks opened a new era of freedom. Wildly enthusiastic men women, kids gavethe Roman welcome in the Broadway ticker-tape tradition.

The city it self ws almost untouched by marks of battle. Only in the suburbs did the rubbled homes and pock-marked roads tell of the rear-guard action fought by the Germans yesterday. The rest of the city seemed almost like Naples except for the ancient ruins that give Rome its oPmpeii-like atmosphere.

It was hard to find out exactly how many Romans were there to greet the Americans Estimates of the capital's war-swollen population ranged from two and a half to three million. Rome usually has only somewhat more than one million and the rest were all refugees from other parts of Italy.

Naturally, rooms were at a premium. Civilians told of sleeping

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Tanks Push On Beyond Tiber

WITH THE 5th ARMY, June 5 — Key positions facing the 5th Army south of Rome along the Appian way have fallen. And at dawn this morning the armored units had succeeded in sweeping across the Tiber River bridge network to secure a bridghead of several miles to the west and and northwest of the city.

In the wake of this part of the Fifth Army advance lie the former German strongpoints of Lanuvio, Genzano and the town cluster around Albano. Infantry soldiers who had for three days been unable to get into Lanuvio finally did so, two days ago, making a mighty assault in the nick of time. For Jerry had started to run.

This smash presaged the southern drive on Rome itself. With infantry sweeping the hills, all day yesterday, armored forces piereed along the road west of Lanuvio to the Appian way at Albano. Signs of German retreat were everywhere, although it was not as a mad a scramble as the big German defeat at Cori shortly after the bachhead offensive began.

At shell pocked Albano a man and a little boy claimed the Germans had left there only two hours earlier. The forward elements of the tank caravan met some of the retreating German tanks just outside the city and were held up for a while.

Jerry planted mines, machine gun nests and small clusters of tanks everywhere along the roads and in the hills before the advancing tanks and foot soldiers. But these were chiefly harrassing actions with no thought of real defensive intentions.

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Vatican Awes Battleworn GI

THE VATICAN, Rome, June 5 — A bearded, dust-grimed American infantryman, holding his helmet in his hand, stepped inside the vast, vaulted coolness of St. Peter's Cathedral at 3:15 this morning, only a few hours after Allied troops had entered Rome.

He stood loocking straight ahead and then up and he gulped and blinked his eyes and said in a quiet, shaky voice: «I never thought there was a place in the world as wonderful as this. I didn't know there was anything so beautiful».

He wold not give his name, his organization or anything else. «I'm just here», he said, «and I know what I'm seeing is too big to talk about». And he walked out, down under the great high ceiling toward the tomb of St. Peter I., at the far end of the great entrance way.

Outside the Vatican, British soldiers, American and French strode beside the great fountains while Piper Cubs swooped down low overhead and guns roared in the distance.

Then bells began tolling from somewhere in the Vatican City. And the soldiers, nearly everyone of them, stopped in their tracks. You had the feeling they were all walking on tip toe.

A British jeep driver from the

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EVERYONE'S MIXED UP BUT HAPPY HERE TODAY

By Sgt WADE JONES
(Stars and Stripes Correspondent)

ROME, June 5 — Rome at noon today is a city of confusion; of parades, of bright sunshine; of reunions and victory.

T/4 Salvatore Curiale, Newburgh, N. Y., who swears by all that's holy that he was into Rome proper 3:30 p. m. yesterday in the first American party to enter the city has already lost his outfit.

«I was radio operator for the colonel commanding my regiment and since we were in touch with everybody else coming into the city, I know we were first. But then something happened and now where the hell am I? I got separated and now I'm lost. Ain't these Roman gals lovely?». They sure as hell are. Curiale, they sure as hell are.

Rome is a big city and there are a lot of other fellows in Curiale's shape. They've lost their outfits and they stand on street corners and hail you and ask if you know where such and such an outfit is.

Rome today is a city of parades. Every time a civilian here sees a group of American vehicles moving along a street he begins to wave and cheer and try to climb on vehicles.

The Italians make signs of cutting the throat with their finger and the Americans say: «That's right. cut his old throat. Cut old Musso's throat».

Rome today is a city of reunions. Reynolds Packard, who was head of the Rome bureau of the United Press before the war was once jailed here for writing what he thought, arrives before the 5th Army Public Relations building in a jeep with his wife, Eleanor.

Italian civilians, who remember the Packards, jump up in the back seat of the jeep and kiss the Packards and yell «Viva Packard», with the accent on the last syllable.

Packard, an old sentimentalist, grabs them around the neck and hugs them while his wife tries to maintain a little dignity. It's quite a scene and a lot of people fall out of the jeep.

At the Prison of Via Tasso, where the Germans kept many other political prisoners, two Yugoslavs met tiday. One of them had bee nearly starved to death by the Germans in the last seven months. Both have served terms in the Via Tasso prison. The two men had never met until they bumped into each other at the prison and then they had to much o say they could hardly say it.

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THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS TELL

Tired Doggies Enter Rome

By MILTON BRACKER
(New York Times Correspondent)

ROME, JUNE 5. — The doughboys who trudged into Rome this morning were glad to be here but they were tired, too. They didn't come in all smiling; some of them were just «bushed», as they might have said themselves, and it was hard for them to react in kind to the often wild enthusiasm of the Romans.

They came in on foot, in jeeps, in tanks and in all sorts of other military vehicles. Cpl. Thomas Rhatigan, Brooklyn, hiked heavily along and said only he was getting «the biggest kick since we arrived over here in June 1942».

Pvt. Frank Balcor, New York City, said it was a «great feeling to walk into this place. I never saw anything like this before».

But Pvt. Ed Cambra, New York City, couldn't even smile about it. Romans were milling all about him including very pretty, cleanly dressed girls.

«My God damn feet are just about swole up, that's about all», was all he said.

Soldiers who'd entered Naples six months ago were amazed and relieved at the vast difference between here and Naples. For Rome was virtually undamaged to look at, clean and populated by people who seemed neat and healthy for the most part, despite overcrowding and lack of enough food.

At the same time veterans of the entry into Naples saw another distinction in the quality of the welcome. At most it was undoubtedly hysterical today, with flowers and small Italian flags being strewn everywhere and the inevitable lineup of people along the ourb, yelling, waving, and even rushing out to kiss American hands.

But for the most part it was not to be compared with the almost insane excitement which characterized the Naples entry.

One principal factor might have been the well known temperamanetal difference between Romans and Neapolitans, to say nothing of the fact that Naples had undergone horrors of war far beyond anything inflicted upon this city.

But looking at it the other way, in view of the fact that the Germans had not brutally torn up this city nor had the incoming Army bombed it very much, it was perhaps all the more remarkable that the Romans were as enthusiastic as they were.

What it came down to was this: the Naples greeting was purely emotional and hysterical. The greeting here had a large component of straight thinking and common sensepeople. For politically and intellectually, it has already been made amply plain the Romans hated the Germans, even if they did not regard them the murderers and wreckers they were considered in Naples.

Is The War Over?

ON THE ROAD TO ROME, June 4 — As the advancing wave of the 5th Army swept through Italian towns on the way to Rome today, the grand welcome—kissing, wine-giving and loud cheers for America, Roosevelt and freedom—rang out along Highway 6.

This preview of the entrance into Eternal City was pretty good so far as Pfc. Michael Regan, North Bellmire, N. Y., was concerned. Pfc. Regan, of a recon unit, had never been welcomed like this before.

"They gave us wine," he said, "they shouted and creamed as if the war was over. Say, it's not possible that the war is over, is it?"

Where's Il Duce?

THE BALCONY SCENE, but not the one from Romeo and Juliet, is enacted by happy Cpl. for an audience of enthusiastic Romans.

(Photo by Pfc. Martin Harris)

Where Hannibal Failed Our Generals Succeeded

By HERBERT MATTHEWS
(New York Times Correspondent)

ROME, June 5 — Allied troops have fought their way into Rome. They reached the city limits this morning and by nightfall were still fighting on the outer edges of the capital which the Germans were defending.

But Rome has been reached, goal of conquerors throughout the ages, none of whom has ever been able to make the almost impossible south to north campaign. What Hannibal didn't dare to do, Generals Alexander, Clark, Montgomery and Leese accomplished, but as such a cost in blood and materiel and time that it will probably never be again attempted in history.

This is the sory of how we sot here.

It was a breakthrough on the 5th Army's right wing yesterday which did the trick. That thrust into the mountain ridge behind Velletri which permitted the flanking of Rocca di Papa cooked the German goose. Faced with certainty that positions along the coast were going to be quickly outflanked, the Germans fell backswiftly to positions justely and successfully for time before Rome, playing desperately and successfully for time until darkness fell. Meanwhile their right wing began falling back, but they're going to lose plenty, for they have delayed too long.

Evidently they underestimated the Allied drive. They started massing tanks north of Highway 6 to throw against our advancing columns, but they couldn't even get those up in time. Our divisional headquarters were moving so quickly that we had trouble locating the one we wanted. There they told us their force was moving quickly. Two platoon leaders were overheard on walkie-talkie.

One said: «We are on the way to Rome. We'll see you there.»

The other replied: «Damn you we'll beat you there Have your reporters ready.»

Prisoners were filing back by the dozens. The Herman Goering Division really steam-rollered this time, but everyone available was thrown in — even the veterinaries — in a vain effort to stem the Allied rush.

Last night there was an eerie tenseness in the air as darkness came on. We got over the Alban Hills at dusk and our eyes searched vainly through the haze for the Rome we knew lay on the Campagna right before us. Excitement had gripped everyone, but it was a grim, silent and deserted countryside except for our advancing columns.

Along the road at every moment we expected the Germans to react, but still we kept going. At Kilometre 16, dead bodies began cluttering up the road — ours as well as theirs. At last we reached the leading recon elements ahead. «Lou'd better watch out!» said the officer in charge. «Cou've come through lots of Jerries. There all over these fields and there's nothing up here except armored cars.»

During the night, while we flattened ourselves on the floor of a stone peasunt house, one flare dropped and while we dug our heads into the ground and held our breaths, two bombs crashed beside the house, which shook dizzily as plaster from the ceiling fell upon us.

While we sat uncomfortably in the pitch darkness, Pvt. James S. Boyer, St. Louis, with a tommygun, and Pfc. George Tacker, rifleman, stood outside and guarded us. At one time I found it so desperately uncomfortable that I decided that it was better to sleep on the ground, whatever happened. Just as I emerged from the refuge, I saw Boyer crouched with his gun pointing toward the house in the rear. «I just saw four krauts,» he whispered. «Go get Tacker quick!»

Tacker rushed up after I dived back into refuge, and we waited but the Germans had got away. When daylight came just before five, we found hobnailed tracks of German boots, so we knew there wasn't any fooling.

At dawn when we startedout, the peasants were begining to come out and line the roads, but they weren't cheering asthey did before Naples. They were stolid, curious. Rome was being conquered again, but they showed no emotion at first. Then as we got neared, to the outskirts, the enthusiasm began to rise and a few even threw flowers at the tanks.

A German Volkswagon came back, veering perilously as the driver tried Desperately to keep

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ALLIED DRIVE UNREAL AFTER BITTER BATTLE

By WILL LANG
(Time Magazine Correspondent)

ROME, June 5 — It was unreal. The rapid advance of the Americans north of the Alban Hills after the fall of Velletri and Valmontone was completely unexpected after the slow bitter fighting of the previous days south of the hill mass. Apparently the Germans elected to pile all their chips on one card by concentrating behind the Ardea-Velletri line. Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark instead drew another card and attacked around the flank of that line.

American infantry and armor were racing up Highway 6 towards Rome when three correspondents tried to catch up with the leading elements. There was confusion in the long lines of riflemen trudging ahead by the roadside and the interminable chain of trucks and guns to the north — but no one cared much. The flush of sudden victory made such risks now trifling.

At the last command post everyhing was still confused before dusk. The division had just movedinto a new bivouac area five miles ahead of the last command post. The general didn't know the location and action of his regiments, for they were moving too fast. American tanks in the area might be anywhere. One report told of two converging columns of tanks catching and slaughtering the retreating German line of mules and infantrymen.

The troops pushed on. From the upper windows of one house they had cleared of snipers, they saw two Mark 6 tanks with German infantry calmly walking erect not far say. The Canadian-American force cut down the infantry with their machine guns and fired their bazookas at the tanks.

An American general came up to the tankmen, sitting behind the hedge, his left panting rolled up to his knee and a wide white bandage about his calf. «It isn't much» he said. «But that first shell killed our driver».

Later a lead tank almost bumped into two German of officers bliss fully riding over the crest of a road on a Sunday drive — and they continued right on down the highway toward the prisoner cage, with their hands short, the driver using only his left hand to steer.

Thenwee passed the crossroads were the sign «Roma» stood. This was Rome itself — the city limits. A tank had just crossed the city line when a German shell crashed into it. As German machinegams began rattling from the from the other side of the crossroads, men flung themselves into the ditches and across the nearby fields. Later the quiet was broken only by the zing of sniper's rifles.

There didn't seem to be much German opposition on the other side of the city, but what there was was deadly.

The tanks moved on. When a pair of Shermans arrived at a railroad station called Centocelle, civilians poured out of their homes, engulfed them, and offered bottles of wine. It was ticklish for the tanks to move and then a German self-propelled gun slammed two shells into the ground and the nearby and frantic Italians scattered into the buildings again. Later the Italians walked along the road, unconcernedly, as if they were spectators of the battle.

The Germans were disorganized. There was no doubt of that. But they were fighting fiercely in little groups.

In the evening, the light traffic on Highway 6 thinned considerably as we hustled up the road toward the furthermost regiment. The armored cars rolled forward and once we saw a truck passing to the reartowing a flat-top trailer on which stood a dozen German prisoners like some wierd carnival.

The vehicles had entirely disappear ed on the moonlit road when we came across several recon cars parked by the roadside. «How far ahead is the 6 fighting?» We asked.

«I dunno,» said a lieutenant. «Maybe a mile, maybe less. Everything's all screwed up.»

Overhead we heard the motors of German planes searching for the road; engines were throbbing just like every German bomber throbs.

Quickly we ran our jeep into the shadow of a farmhouse 50 yards off the road and stood in the doorway listening to a plane circle lower and lower.

A phosphorous flare burst quickly into long white ribbons of light overhead and we threw ourselves on the floor inside. The plane dove with a chilling roar down towards the road. There was the short scream of a bomb and a deafening explosion and bits of plaster from the ceiling and walls dropped about us. The bomber straightened and vent on down the highway spattering machine guns in long bursts.

«Every damn night they've bombed and strafed this road,» complained one doughboy bitterly.

In a shelter below, we spent most of the night dozing or listening to the maddening drone of dive bombers circling low overhead in search of American prey.

The advance has been so rapid that there are sure to be Germans still lurking in our area. Caution has paid off at 0200 hours this morning. Pvt. James Boyer, St. Lois, Mo., slipped down the dirty stairs and whispered, «I just saw four Germans run across the road and behind the house just 10 yards away. Where's my tommygun?».

He noiselessly went up the stairs. He couldn't glimpse the Germans again but in the morning we saw their hobnailed footprints in the vineyard of our dugout. They were probably as terrified as we wer — but they were only trying to escape to their own lines.

At first light wepiled into our jeep continued on our way We caught up with first tanks and units of crack American-Canadian troops. Their bearded faces looked about with the confidence of old pirates. Small as their group was, it was the first unit to attack Rome itself and the men knew it.

Cub Observer Watches Foe

IN A PIPER CUB OVER CIAMPINO AIRDROME, June 4 — At 1400 hours today German foot soldiers and vehicles can be seen falling back steadily up Highway 7 from this point five miles south of Rome.

Their retreat is not fast and their numbers are few.

Their rearguards are straggling op the highway past Ciampino at the moment, and the pilot-observer of the observation plane I am in dives our little plane to less than 100 feet above the vehicles to make sure of their identity.

The vehicles are so dusty that the only way identify them positively is to dive directly over them and see whether or not the men are wearing German helmets. They are.

The plane zooms back upward in a sickening swoop and over the radio the pilot-observer, Capt. William McKay, Arp, Texas, gives the grid coordinates of the vehicles to his division artillery. Is a few seconds there are thressing noises past the plane and our shells land near the tanks.

But the shells are a little bit off, and the tanks go on.

Just as the shells hit, two jeeps drive eastward toward Highway 7 and arrive at the intersection as the shells land. We can't tell whether the jeeps are captured ones in German hands ours. If they are ors, they are several thousand yards ahead of our advance infantry and tanks which can be seen at Fratocchie, due west of the top edge of Lake Albano. The lake shines blue and round in its crater like setting on the top of a great hill or mountain.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

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HOW THE ALLIES ENTERED ROME

Carnival Spirit in Eternal City

By EDWARD KENNEDY
(Associated Press Correspondent)

Rome, shining brightly in sparkling sunlight and spared almost entirely from ravages of war, today gave Fifth army troops a welcome which turned that Eternal City into near carnival.

The City is virtually intact. The Germans, the last of whom slinked from the capital last night like beaten dogs, made limited demolitions to a few installations of no artistic or religious importance.

The only wrecked sections of the city are immediately adjacent to the San Lorenzo Tiburtina Ostiense and Trastevere railyards which the American Airforce bombed and in these sections there are few important buildings.

All the rest of Rome, though slightly shabby here and there due to the strain of war is untouched here.

Rome which has gone through so much for so long took the vicissitudes of the past few years in old stride and once more has come out on top. It is still the Eternal city.

All Rome was up at dawn today to see the Americans who had broken into city yesterday and proceeded to its center last night come swarming in to occupy the whole of the capital.

Cheers grew louder and soon that famous Italian invention — confetti — made its appearance. The confetti was homemade.

The people, like their city, seemed worn by war. But they were very happy and there was no doubt they were glad to be delivered by the Allies, to see the Americans.

The entry was something different than anyone had expected. The inital penetration of the citys limits yesterday was a flat affair, devoid of the spectacular. But today it was a triumph in classic Roman style. Soldiers were happy but restrained. They were overawed by Rome and within short time it was evident that Rome had taken them as much as they had taken Rome.

Of Course, GIs Meet Relatives

WITH THE 5TH ARMY IN ROME, June 5 — It always happens. You can't go around the streets of a newly won city in Italy talking to GIs without running into an Italian-American who has just met some of his relatives.

This time it was Pvt. Edward Savino, an infantryman from New York City, who was strolling down the Corso Umberto this morning when he ran smack into an aunt and cousin of his who had lived in San Francisco.

Farther up the street, near the Piazza Venezia, half a dozen soldiers were standing around taking in the sights. They were among the first troops in the city and Sgt. Samuel W. Finn, St. Louis, told how it was.

«We started in riding tanks, but as we reached the edge of town, a German anti-tank gun knocked out two of the tanks. We went back out and came in a little later, with 88s and small arms fire hitting around us. That was in Centocelle. We went on a little ways and four of us were pinned down by machine gun sniper fire». The others with Sgt. Finn were Pfc. Charles Ott, York, Pa.; Pfc. Lou Knox, Chicago, and Sgt. Arthur Blanchett, Massey, Ontario.

«We got out of this spot», Finn continued, «and we got trapped on a roof by the Germans. This time some Italian partisans rescued us. We are very grateful to them».

The little party was now separated from the main body of its unit and accepted the hospitality of an Italian family for the night.

The little band of soldiers got into the main part of Rome at 6 AM ad wandered into Mussolini's palace, sat in il Duce's chair, looked into the Colosseum. In the course of their sightseeing, it became necessary to deal with an Italian sniper, but Pfc. Knox is a very good shot. At noon today, the boys were still lost, but they didn't seem to mind much.

Then there were Pvt. Colin, Parks, Oshawa, Ontario, and Pvt. Jauchie MacLean, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, who, for a couple of infantrymen who had helped take the town after a long march, looked too neat and clean. They explained that they were probably the first GIs to get a shave and a haircut in Rome.

Still standing around the Piazza Venezia were a few infantrymen who had had that square in the center of the city as their objective. They had attacked up the railroad tracks to the central station, moving so fast that they got caught in a barrage from their own tanks.

«We came into this square before dark,» said Sgt. Thomas Potenza, Niagra Falls, Ontario. «We were the first soldiers here. Right up the street there to the right a German armored car swung around the corner and opened fire. He got seven of us and we might have been dead pigeons if an American tank hadn't come up at that moment and knocked the car out».

Tanks Enter Gates of Ancient Rome

ALONG THE VIA APPIA American infantryman [illegible] not on parade, but through Rome to meet and destroy the enemy on the other side.
(Photo by Pfc. Martin Harris)

Mountaineers Swooped From Hills Into City

By KEN DIXON
(A. P. Correspondent)

ROME, June 5 — The mountaineers came down from the mountains yesterday and moved into Rome.

The Road to And Rome was red with both blood and roses.

I sont know who got Rome first stop. I suppose that will be source ha million arguments in years to come. But I do know that the boys who came down from the mountins deserved the homer of being the first into the eternal City if ever men did.

They new boys who first cracked line which held up the entire Rome advance. They did it by infiltrating in thousands strong through no mans land German positions and attacking the defenders 7 the last main line before Rome from rear — from the Alban Aills.

With a weeks of beard, with eyes bored deep into their faces from sheer fatigue, with throats dustycaked and parched with thirst, they came down from tho. se hills and walkad most a the way into Rome para.

The were boys who had been trough this campaign from the start. They were the kids of Salerno, Altavilla, San Pietro, Rapido and Cassino. They were the whiskery lads who have the worlds best right to say they paved the road to Rome with their own men.

That's why, by God, if they say that they were first troops in Rome, Iam willing to agree with them even if there 20,000 men ahead of them. And there werent. I came in with hem yesterday afternoon about 20' cloch and two German tanks on the last lap of the ancient Roman road made it plain that nobody had been there before. So did the snipers and machinegun nests which had been left behind. We were pinned down tree solid hours by whizzing, zipping bullets overhead before we were abls to move on into Rome.

The last leg of the Rome ride was even worse in Rome respects than the infiltration operation which set a record for that sort of strategy in all wartime history. Daring the move into the hills past German sentries — and I know what Im talking about because I was with them — they shifted thousand I men three miles behind the German lines with but o few casualties in one of the vorlass greatest surprise military moves. There were almost no casualties until the infiltration was over and the battling for the Alban Hills began.

But when the great rat race started towards Rome yesterday, it looked at first like the lads who made it possible might be lost in the shuffle. But the germans who deemed it strategic to make Rome an «open» city failed make the suburbs open.

For hours to the mountain climbing, fighting troops pinned down by rifle, machinegun, machinepistol, mortar, artillery, antitank, and tank fire, it began to look like Rome was a long ways from being captured.

So they called in the mountaineers again. They had given thewselves that ranc because most of their heavy fighting in this campaign has been encrags. But they fight sherever neled, even though many of them feel tho've had their share.

So naturally the mountaineers came up. This time they came in trucks. But they hopped out of those trucks and teek to the slopes sloughs, and draws where snipers who killed wounded more than o in the company I accompanied into Rome were hidden.

Many them roses in their helmets, in their combat jackets, in their shirts as they hunted snipers. It was a strange commentary to this freak situation in the capture of Rome that part of people were throwing flowers to incoming conquerers while others, hiding behind wall's, clay banks and rock piles threw lead.

Reporters Just Little Too Fast

The unreality of suddenly driving forward along a highway which only yesterday was apparent this morning when a group of correspondents, fighting for the news break, leapfrogged down Highway 6.

They passed four jeep, then five walking soldiers, then one soldier marching back with three kraut prisoners. At the next crossroads they saw an armored scout car coming toward them.

«Let's wait for it for protection», said Dan DeLuce, of the Associated Press.

«Lets's not», said Reynold Packard of the United Press. «It's a kraut».

Hannibal

—Continued from page 2)

his hands up in the air and direct the wheel. Behind him sat a whitefaced horrified youth.

At a crossroads was a big German truck with trailer. It stopped. Americans rushed up with guns and the Germans tumbled out fast with their hands raised. Fifty yards away was the most awful sight of the day: a Nazi with half his right wrist shot away, but somehow keeping that hand as well as his left up in the air while an Italian peasant roughly searched him. He approached our jeep with imploring eyes, pain and fear written all over him, but we motioned him back to an ambulance.

The tanks pushed on. The second to cross the city limits sign was blasted by anti-tank fire a few yards after it crossed over. Along the road civilians foolichly ran in and out of houses, oblivious to danger, but scattering wildly when shells came over.

Just then a sniper got a bead on us. At one point I flattened myself in a ditch while bullets whizzed so close overhead I felt that I'd better not look up. However, it stoped monentarily and without rising, I started making notes. Just then a bulet plunked into the ground in front of my nose. It didn't explode or ricochet, otherwise this story wouldn't have been written. When the bullet cooled off, I picked it up with my handkerchief and took it away as a souvenir of an historic day.

Packards Back At Old Stand

By REYNOLDS and ELEANOR PACKARD

ROME, June 4 (*United Press*) — We returned to Rome tonight through shell fire and machine gun snipers' fire to find the Italian capital which we left two years and 25 day ago Surprisingy unchanged.

Except for the complete wreckage of its railway marshalling yards the city is almost 90 percent intact.

A few fires had been left burning by retreating Germans.

We entered Rome along with the vanguard of American infantry and tanks and went straight to the bar in the Grand Hotel for some Italian cognac served by our old friend Peter—the Grand Hotel's famous barman, who served more kings and other titles than any other barman in Europe.

We arrived at the Grand Hotel exactly 20 minutes after the last German tank had rolled past it. For some minutes the Italians in the bar thought it was a German trick and declined to drink with us, until were recognized by the barman Peter, and also by the manager of the hotel. Five minutes later American and English flags were flying over the doorway, the first to be put out anywhere in the city.

We entered the city with only three tanks ahead of us at 8:30 p. m. with the Germans generally estimated as having pulled out 20 minutes before.

The American tanks we followed in were chasing eight German Mark IV tanks.

Neither of us had ever been kissed so much by other people before. As we rode through the streets of Rome men and women kissed us overwhelmingly. Eleanor, wearing a steel helmet and khaki trousers, was kissed on the face by men who suddenly realized she was a woman. They became embarrassed kissed her hand.

Women wanted to kiss Eleanor more than the men did while men, in accordance with old Italian custom, felt completely free to lavish secular welcome on Reynolds.

Reynolds, who had restraint, had to keep our driver, Pvt. Delmar Richardson, Fort Wayne, Ind., from taking a crack at the men kissers.

We had a bad case of jitters getting into Rome. At least six times we lost our nerve and turned back, only to talk ourselves into doing it again. Sniping and shelling were so bad that several times we felt like minesweepers as we got ahead of our tanks before getting into Rome.

In Rome, itself, the Italians waded knee deep in water to greet us, as during watermains had broken during Germans' withdrawal from the city.

We were both surprised to see how well— dressed and neat most of the Roman women were, although they told us they had been suffering from malnutrition for more than two years.

Ah Yes, Angelo The Americans

In a school which at one time educated bambini for Fascism, a retired carabiniero named Angelo di Clemente, unshaven and smiling, told how the Germans left one of the Rome suburbs on their way into the Eternal City.

"At noon they fled," he smiled. "We had gone down in this air raid shelter and were waiting and then we heard your guns. So I come out and I see your steel wagons named Alma and Antoinetta and the shape of your helmets, and I said to myself, "Ah, Angelo, it is the Americans."

"I watched the American bravely kill five Tedeschi in an old stone house. The Germans stole my oil and typewriter. The Americans are good and kind. Do you have a cigarette?"

Mix-Up!

(Continued from page 1)

Both of them spoke perfect English and were gentlemen from the word go. Both spoke normal work. And they used all several languages as part of their the languages at their disposal to greet the incoming Yanks.

Italians have formed their own parades. Communists, with red arms bands bearing the hammer and sickle, ride by in civilian autos and marching afoot, shouting something unintelligible and carrying rifles which look as if they hadn't been shot in years.

Other civilian parades seem to have no particular political shade-just people who got together and decided to have a parade.

All the parades meet at intersections and get all jammed up and no one gets anywhere.

The sun is bright and hot. It shines on the white buildings like the Berbarini Palace on Via Quattro Fontane, where the Germans had an elaborate officer's mess. And it shines on the white Ponte St. Angelo, a bridge across the Tiber on the way to the Vatican.

The whitest building in all Rome seems to be the Monumento Naxionale in the Piazza Venezia. A lot of soldiers and many laughing deriding Italians, swarm in the Piazza Venezia and look up at a tiny, drab little balcony on the Palace.

The Palace is dull brow and above the balcony droops an Italian flag. The balcony is the famous Mussolini speech platform and the palace itself is where he and Hitler arrived at so many agreements.

Now the Italians don't like it and they lead the American soldiers in laughing at it, heartily. Also, Thompson at this moment is watching my car which has every thing I own in in it. Great guy.

«I live with three Italia women, alla sisters». Thompson says, «and the youngest is 75. Every night for the last month they've gotten down on their knees by the piano in the parlor and prayed for the Americans to come quickly.»

«Today the Americans are here and I am afraid to go home and see what this great joy has done to the three sisters. I am afraid they will have expired.»

Thompson said that yesterday the Germans were «running like mad all through the city. Some of them on foot were so tired I saw them lie down on the sidewalks and rest. The officers were hooting the horn: of their cars and getting out of town by avery street.»

Something somewhere in this paper must be said adout the women of Rome. It is easier to write about the women of this city than any other aspect.

The women of Rome are well dressed and judging by what can be determined from a seat in a vehicle moving thrcugh most of the principal streets they are extremely glad to see us.

They look like the best of American women. But unlike most American women, they wave at you as you pass, and yell «Viva» something or other and seem enormously happy about be whole ching.

As Pfc. Bill Rich, Smithtown, Ky., puts it «Brother, I'm glad I'm here, and I believe they are, too.»

Tanks

(Continued from page 1)

In Castel Gandolfo, the former summer residence of the Pope, snipers held out even after large numbers of infantry and tanks had passed by. Entire regiments of various units converged on Rome from the south and met at different times near the city's outskirts.

At the very moment that Maj. Gen. Lucian K. Truscott, commander of VI Corps, and one of his commander met at a crossroads less than five miles outside of Rome, sniper fire broke out dangerously close. The two generals ignored the bullets, pored over a map at the roadside, while a team of infantry and a tank destroyer went out to clean up.

Playing Dead

S-SGT. JAMES H. MOSS, Sheridan, Wyo., was driving along a road near Artena when he saw a Jerry jump into a ditch alongside the road. Sgt. Moss drove ahead up to the ditch and noticed Jerry was playing dead. He got down into the ditch and kicked Jerry. Jerry still shammed. He returned to his jeep and with a companion again went to the ditch. The two Yanks sprayed a tommy gun in a circle around Jerry. Jerry got up and surrendered.

Quiet Day In Via Tasso

(By a Staff Correspondent)

ROME, June 5 — The atmosphere and the mood of the people on Via Tasso is terribly different from the gay, boistrous mood everywhere else in Rome today.

Via Tasso is the location of one of the most dread German military prisons in all Rome — the Prison of Via Tasso.

When we drove up before the prison today, the few people on the street cowed back in doorways and into alleys. The men shrank back into the shelter of an archway.

The few children on the streets didn't ask for candy. They backed away, silently, watching us.

The adult civilians had little to say.

Then they all found we were Americans and slowly they gathered round the car. Slowly, and then more rapidly and more volubly, they began to tell us stories of the Prison of Via Tasso.

The prison was a stinking place. It smelled like no other smell I ever smelled. The doors were smashed in at the front entrance and water and strange looking filth were on the floors and on the stairway.

A guard at the prison (and the other people who lived across the street from the prison confirmed it) said the Germans took four carloads of [illegible] from the Prison of Via Tasso late Saturday afternoon, with the blinds of the doors drawn.

A total of more than 150 prisoners, several of them women, were released from the prison on Saturday, the guard said. One of the persons brought down and put into the cars was dead.

Boris Pertot, a Yugoslav employed by the Cook's Tour agency, says he was a prisoner in the place for 35 days at the end of last ear. He said that on many nights his cell mates were taken down stairs and brought back several hours later bleeding and sometimes with bones broken. «Some of us talked when they did that but most of us didn't,» The he said, «The Germans killed my sister in Austria.»

Pertot said many German generals stayed at the prison because the prisoners there were chiefly persons who it was believed possessed information of the greatest importance.

The prison interior han been thoroughly smashed by Italian civilins who invaded it when the Germans pulled out saturday.

"I Speak English," Italians Aplenty

The usual English-speaking Italians were around to offer their services. Frank Casillo, born in Buffalo came to Italy 14 years ago. He said that theh few Germans who were still left last evening managed to sneak out after slipping into divilian clothes.

The inevitable Brooklynite turned out to be a pretty girl, Madeline Carscallen, who had married an Italian and came to Rome in 1935. «This is the most fortunate day of my life,» she exclaimed, her eyes shining.

Madeline said all the Italians were tired of the Germans. «Nobody could stand them any more,» she related. «They shot peopleand, sent others away to work. But what could they do? The Germans had tanks.»

The Romans didn't care for the German occupation troops who entered the city on Sept. 20. «The people were not very much willing to see them,» was the way one Italian put it. He accused them of stealing and robbing everything they could lay their hands on.

Favewell Barrage

WHEN THE GERMANS are hard-pressed in any sector and they know that they are going to have to pull back, you can almost count on a period of very rough shelling. This is not simply to cover the wwithdrawal but is in many cases to allow enemy gunners to use stores of ammunition which they can't take with them. In these periods the shelling may be wilder and more wasteful than it generally is with the Germans, but American line soldiers still have no liking for these "farewell barrages."

Vatican

(Continued from page 1)

8th Army public relations office walked shyly up to a Vatican guard and stood there twisting his black beret in his hands. The guard told him, in Italian which the driver understood: «Bring your friends in. Bring all your friends in». So the driverwent out to his jeep and got two more Britishers and the three walked inside St. Peters.

Inside, 1st LA. George Newman, Chicago, of a Jewitzer outfit, walked under the massive arches, and speaking in a whisper, as did every other soldier there, told some of the things he had read about the Vatican and about the first church of Rome.

«You work for a paper,» he said. «I'm glad I'm not you. I'm glad I don't have to put in words the way I feel about all this. It's too impressive ever to be put in words».

Every one of the Allied troops in and around the Vatican this morning were battle troops they wouldn't be there if they weren't because there hasn't been time enough yet for anyone else but combat troops to get into Rome.

Generals

(Continued from page 1)

led and wounded, nor the amount of material destroyed. The advance has been too fast, he said, and there was no time to sit down and count. The three American generals agreed that the German Army, which had been ground to pieces in the south, would be unable to give much further opposition.

General Clark today pronounced Rome completely occupied and said: "We have passed beyond the north banks of the Tiber".

Among the other generals present at the meeting were Maj. Gen. Alfred M. Grunther, General Clark's chief of staff; Maj. Gen. Harry H. Johnson, commander of the Rome area command; and Brig. Gen. Edgar E. Hume, chief of 5th Army AMG.

We're In Rome

(Continued from page 1)

and went from Naples up the never—toJbe—forgotten hills of Italy. Now the trail is nearing its end in a burst of welcome from the people of Rome.

As the fighting men moved out at one end, others came in the other end to see that Rome is made an efficient cog in the Alied war machine. The Rome Area Command, with Maj. Gen. Harry Johnson in charge as military chief of the city under 5th Army commander Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, pulled into town to wrestle with the many problems that now face Allied administrators. AMG of the 5th Army, under Brig. Gen. Edgar E. Hume, started its job of setting up an administration to help the civilians get on their own feet.

The capture of Rome frees many Italians. WWhat their attitude will be is of great concern to the monarchy and the political parties. Italian parties in Rome, until yesterday underground are now coming to the surface Aheady the forces of democracy are at work and some of the parties are sending trucks through the streets to talk to the people.

King Vittorio Emanuel has announced that he will give up all his powers to his son Crown Prince Umberto, as soon as Rome is liberated. That day has now come.

Under religious problems is the question of the Vatican City and the Pope. Allied relations with the heads of the Catholic Church are now on the agenda. Britain and the U. S have had their diplomats accredited all this time to Vatican City, which is a neutral state.

But the people of Rome and the Allied soldiers weren't worrying yet over these questions. Late into the day the carnival spirit still reigned and civilians and soldiers gazed at each other with mutual interest, murdering the English and Italian languages, with enthusiasm. The dogfaces were making merry while they could. Soon to come is the time when Rome will be off limits to Allied troops and a special pass needed to enter.

None of these things were yet bothering the GI moving north on the heels of the Germans. He had taken Rome. What happened next lay in other hands.

DELIRIOUS CROWDS STOP TANKS JERRY COULDN'T

By Sgt. JACK RAYMOND

(Stars and Stripes Staff Writer)

ROME, June 4 — The mighty armored columns of the last Armored Division which all day had pressed forward along Highway 7 and smashed every delaying attempt by the Jerrie was finally stopped in the streets of Rome today by a jubilant-crazy populace.

Tanks that had weathered enemy artillery, Mark VIs and self-propelled guns were forced to halt on Via Appia for fear of endangering the lives of the civilians who swarmed about them, shouting, screaming, weeping, laughing-delirious with excitement.

It was 1030 hours. A woman shouted in English, we have been waiting all day. A soldier responded: "We've waited longer".

Within two blocks inside the city the first tank commanded by Lt. Henry Schoberth, Versailles, Ky., was just a mountain mass of humon arms, legs and bodies. Children and old men — and even an old lady at least 65 years old — clawbered aboard oblivious to the danger of grinding tank tracks.

What had been intended as an armored strike through the city to secure the bridges across the Tiber — one of which was reported blown by the Nazis — became a victory parade.

A jeep behind the lead tank was fairly inundated by people who climbed atop inside, on the sides. This correspondent, one of the occupants, had a bandaged hand. All of the people who saw it cried curses against the tedeschi.

Some of the civilians warned that Germans were still sniping from houses three blocks off Via Appia. And it was true while our tanks rumbled through the streets doughboys engaged in the snipes fight. But the Nazis escaped.

Tired though they were by a wearying, sometimes halting, sometimes speeding journey through difficult winding roads, the crews good naturedly waved out of the turrets.

The armored infantry who rode the tanks for the entire journey from the jumpoff west of Lanuvio at 1440 hours wore roses in the netting of their helmets and waved and laughed, demanding in broken Italian for vino and signorine.

The inevitable bambini showed up demanding caramelli. Young girls kissed every soldier they could lay their hand on and one tiny blonde succeeded in mounting the turret gun of a light tank.

Every thoroughfare was lined with cheering crowds Flags of the Rooal Italian Monarchy appeared everywhere. From one window came a burst of paper torn into confetti. The people below scooped the pieces up and thre them again.

As night came on the hunge swarms of Italians around slowly-moving tanks became a matter of deep concern to the officers in charge. One officer sprang out of his tank and flailed away in all directions to clear a path before him.

"Cripes", he shouted, "this is tougher than getting through a minefield".

Among the first venicles inside the city was a Red Cross trucks. A soldier halted it to ask directions and the Italians literally dived into the large boxes of doughnuts in the trucks. It took the ARC field director an hour to get going again.

Many of the Italians who could speak English demanded to know whether the soldiers had ever heard of their relatives in States. One weeping girl asked how soon she would be permitted to go to Naples. A young mother, nursing a child, shouted loud curses at the Tedeschi, her mother explaining that she was Jewish and the Germans had killed her husband.

Many civilians offered a night's lodging to the new arrivals, but none were seen to accept. The war was still too close. A jerry self-propelled gun was discovered in action not far from Via Appia our artillery had to be employedto halt it.

Rome Untouched

(Continued from Page 1)

16 and 18 in a single room and of camping in the streets. Others said even the convents and monasteries were opened to to care for the homeless.

The Roman utilities were in a better shape than when the Jerries left Naples. A few streets were covered with water showing the Germans had cut some of the pipes, but running water was available in some parts of the city. The gas was all gone, but electricity could be found in some sections. Telephones were on the bum.

The food situation was particularly bad, indicating a boom demand for O rations. Civilians complained that the 100 grams of bread allowed a day was all they could get. Although the ration card provided for other foods, practically nothing else was available. Black market prices were naturally up in the higher brackets-eggs went for 23 lire apiece, flour for 250 lire a kilo, sugar from 500 to 600 lire a kilo, bread 250 lire a kilo. Profiteers took a terrific licking last week with the news that the beachhead met the main front. All prices fell. A grain of gold, for instance, that had cost 800 lire cost 400 lire from then on.

There didn't seem to be much extensive street fighting in Rome during the past few days, nothing like the three-day affair before the Allies took Naples. Civilians explained that in keeping in their homes they were following the instruction of the London radio.

Practically everybody in Rome turned out to be a listener of the U. S. overseas radio, especially of the broadcasts of New york's Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. He had a Crosley rating something like Bob Hope's.

All the civilians were bitter about the last German atrocity. They said that on March 23 several hundred Germans were marching down the Via Rasella when suddenly some bombs were thrown at them, killing 32 of the Jerries. Nobody knew who had thrown the bombs; the underground knew.

All day long crowds milled about the Piazza Venezia, a wide square where Mussolini used to strut and shout. During the morning there were shots and the sound of broken glass from an insurance bulding opposite Il Duce's former balcony. The crowd scattered and green-uniformed Guardia Finanza and plain-clothes Italian cops, brandishing rifles and pistols, rushed in. They reported that about 20 P. A. I. — Fascist police — had bottled themselves up and were tryng to escape. For a while it looked like somebody would get hurt, but the shots weren't hitting anybody.

The first Italian newspaper appeared on the streets at dawn. It carried huge headlines in bold, blacl type. The salute of Rome to the Army of liberation was the new war cry: «Unity to the national democratic government!».

Rome has been given back to the Romans.

Wants To See Kids

The infantrymen climbed aboard their tanks in grassy field beside a palatial Italian villa, its entrance marked by a fine stone wall capped by two lions. Below the lions three infantry recon scouts ho had just been up forward and retruned with two German officers watched the preparation for attack.

Then the tanks spun out of the field and groaned up the macadam of Highway 6. The sun was coming up, shining on the whitewashed bases of the evergreen trees lining the highway.

«They told me yesterday that under no circumstances would I get to Rome. And now we're going under orders», said the general. He lit one cigarette from the butt of another. «I know almost no Latin except 'agricola aquam portat' and that probably won't help much. My biggest ambition is to get war over with. And then to see my two little girls. There's Jame—she's 13—and Anne, 9».

The general ground out his cigarette and climbed into his armored car and set off the head of his column.